21 Nov. 1709
For Doctor Gastrell

A Pol. Pamph. vol 7th.

THANKSGIVING,

OR THE

Elect Lady

UPON THE

WAR.

Much in the Words and Ancient Manner, (before Rules;) of the Royal and other SACRED POETS.

Printed in the Year 1710.

A Thankſgiving, ; or the Elect LADY upon the WAR, &c.

AWake, Rejoyce, O my Soul;
Awake up my Glory,
For this is the day,
The great day of Deliverance;
'Tis marvellous in our Eyes:
The God of Hoſts has made it,
No more diſquieting,
No more caſting down,
No Sullen Silence,
No Secret Murmuring;
But henceforth, and for ever,
Bleſs him, Adore him:
All that's within me
Exalt him, Extol him aloud,
Proclaim his Glory,

Magnify his Name, (together
For Righteouſneſs and Truth have met
Mercy and Peace have kiſs'd each other.
Let the Heavens rejoyce, and the Earth be glad,
Let the Sea roar and the Fullneſs thereof,
The World, and thoſe that dwell therein;
Let them make a joyful Noiſe,
Let 'em ſing a new Song,
A Song at the ſight of the Vengeance,
At Judgment on the Man of the Earth,
The Downfall of the great Oppreſſer;
He has had his good things,
He is weighed and found light,
He ceas'd to be wiſe, and do good,
His hour the dark hour is come,
He ſhall oppreſs no more;
A Man of Blood from his Childhood.

Scripture.

But not Language for a Lady.

N. B. Here are 18 Lines daſh'd out in the Original, and the Note in the Margin put inſtead of them.

God abhors the bloody Man.

God

Sing happy is the Prince,
Sing happy is the People,
Whose God is the Lord;
All Happiness comes from him:
Now verily 'tis he,
It can be no other.
Our God, the God of Gods,
That governs above and below:
Sure too he has in store
To make straight what e're's crooked,
To make good all that's wanting:
Heav'ns Rewards for the Righteous.
Shall not the Father of Mercies,
The Judge of all the Earth do right?
The Holy One of purer Eyes,
Than long to behold Iniquity?
Yea sure, let God be justify'd;
To him be all Glory and Honour;
All Glory and Honour are his,
He is the Great, the Wise and the Good,
He is all Felicity,
He is every Perfection,
Omnipotent, Independent,
Self-Sufficient, Self-Existent.
Man's like the Beasts that perish, both dye;
Grass withers, and Shadows vanish,
All things pass, are worse than nothing,
Delude, seem to be, and are not;
But J A M is his Name, he only is,

He

He abideth of Old from Everlasting,
The Being of Beings, th'all in all,
The unchangeable Alpha and Omega,
That ever was, and is, and to come,
O thou the wonderful and happy One,
That alone of thy self livest and reignest,
Or art so for ever and ever.
Dust and Ashes be humble and silent,
Know thy self, thy infinite distance,
Fear and tremble before him,
Or be wise, and rejoyce with trembling;
Rejoyce to know and make known him,
Exalt him above the Heavens,
Publish his excellent Majesty,
Proclaim him, declare him,
His mighty Deeds, his wondrous Works;
He has brought down the Pride of high Looks
He has led Captivity Captive;
Sing, cry out, go to him,
With Free-will Offerings,
With acceptable Sacrifices,
Sacrifices of Righteousness,
Of Praise and Thanksgiving,
Alms-Deeds, and other good Works:
A pure Heart and clean Hands,
Up aloud with a Shout,
Shouts of Joy and Gladness,
Songs of Deliverance:
For this is the Day,
Aloud with the Voice of Triumph,

The Noiſe, the Cry of Victory,
The ſound of the Trumpet,
The Ten ſtring'd Inſtrument,
Bring hither the Timbrel,
We're like thoſe that dream; But this is the acceptable time
Awake Pſaltery and Harp,
I my ſelf will awake,
I'll remember his Name in the Night,
I'll ſpeak of his Praiſe all the Day long;
He is my God, my Deliverer,
He has dealt bountifully with me.
He has given me my Hearts Deſire,
Has given me to drink of the River,
The River of his Pleaſures,
Has made me the Stewart of his Goodneſs;
His Handmaid to diſpenſe it to Mankind;
The Joy and Felicity of my People,
Goodneſs and Mercy will follow me.
(I know it) all the days of my Life,
And at death I'll fear no Evil;
But with him for my Guide in the dark,
With him at my Right Hand I'll walk on,
Go down unmoved into the Pit, (praiſe me,
The World, all Tongues and Hearts ſhall
The Child unborn, all Ages ſhall bleſs me,
O what ſhall I render unto him?
I am full, my Cup runneth over.
Will Gifts and Sacrifices pleaſe him,
Mountains of Prey, Thouſands of Rams,
Ten Thouſands of Rivers of Oil?

No,

No, all the Fowls of the Mountains,
Every Beaſt of the Forreſt is his,
The Cattle upon a Thouſand Hills.
He has taught thee thy Duty O Man,
He asks thee a living Sacrifice,
Soul and Body thy reaſonable Service,
To truſt in him and do good;
But to thy Neighbour and thy ſelf,
Thy Goodneſs extends not to him;
Be thou chaſte and temperate,
Be humble and contented;
But be too thy ſelf, for others:
Thine own for what thou wert made,
To give for the Publick,
To live or die for the Brethren,
A Father to the Fatherleſs,
A Husband to the Widow,
Eyes to the Blind, Feet to the Lame,
A help to the Forlorn and Oppreſs'd,
The Priſoner and the Captive,
The Poor and the Needy,
Thoſe that have none to help them.
Do this and faint not, weary not,
But go on and rejoice in thy Labour;
Know that God hath accepted of thy Works,
He hath ſet thee apart for himſelf,
Secrets, hidden things belong to him;
But this is the Law and the Prophets,
Th' Eternal unchangeable Law,
This Fort an impregnable Fort,

A Rock and Tower of Defence is thine own,
He hath given it thee, and changeth not;
Keep thou but in it, and fear nothing;
himself, his Purpose, the Decree;
All too that cometh, all things are thine,
Up then within me, O my Soul,
My Heart and all my Affections.
Now may I lay me down in quiet,
Be thankful, and take my Rest,
Solace, indulge, enjoy my self,
Lay me down safe and secure,
Under the Care and Tuition
Of more good Angels than my own,
The Pray'rs and Blessings of the Sons of *Death*
Those that were appointed to die,
That dy'd, were kill'd all the day long,
Those that were ready to perish?
No, Awake Psaltery and Harp,
And thou my Soul keep awake.
Ease is no part of a Lot like thine,
It is not so he gives his beloved Sleep,
Thy great Lot is to give Ease to others.
Cease not, rest not, never give over,
But continue with Patience in well-doing;
Fight out the good Fight, run on the Race,
Press forwards without Intermission,
There's here no Ease nor Resting-place,
The Prize and Crown all is before thee;
Nay, even here, what Pleasures like thine.
Be but conscious and sure of thy self,

Conscious

Conſcious of the purpoſe of thy Heart,
Sure not to partake in other Men's Sins;
But to keep thy ſelf pure and untainted,
Hold faſt th' Integrity that's in thee,
but hold it too for the good of my People.
Above all Things, hide not, lay not up,
But cultivate, cheriſh, excite, exert
Thy Talent, the Heavenly Gift in thee,
Th' Image of thy Maker, the Divine thing,
That Temper, Benignity of Temper,
Nature, Goodneſs of Nature,
Probity, Integrity of Mind.
The Pious bent, bleſt Habit of Thought,
God-like Charming Diſpoſition,
That inſpires thee with, makes ſhine in thee
Univerſal Love and Benevolence;
Makes doing Good thy great Pleaſure,
My doing Good thy chief Joy.
But withal, mind that here no things perfect,
The beſt of Goodneſs is often Over-good:
Often uneaſie to prefer the whole,
To the Tenderneſs thou haſt for the Parts;
The Concern, the Pity and Compaſſion,
Good Nature gives thee, even for the Guilty.
But as in private Juſtice thou art taught,
Not to regard the Face of the Poor,
Th' unhappy, tho' Innocent part of Mankind:
Much leſs is regard to be had to
Criminals, when Crimes affect the whole:
Without Goodneſs there can be no Majeſty.

But with a Goodneſs there may be none too.
O! unworthy and ungrateful Man,
If I muſt needs put off the Woman,
Goodneſs and Innocence may be the ſame
In a narrow private Capacity,
Where like Charity they begin at Home;
But Goodneſs to govern, the Goodneſs
Of Majeſty, Heroick Goodneſs
That begins and ends, or centers in others,
Is I know from above, is a Ray
An Emanation of the Divinity,
And muſt be like that of its Fountain,
All over Eyes, Active and Vigilant,
Univerſal, Impartial, Diſcerning,
Self-Conſcious, Self ſufficient,
Gentle and eaſie to be intreated,
Full of Mercy, and ready to forgive,
Where there's room for mercy and forgiveneſs.
No Atrocity nor frequency of Fact,
No greater or more preſſing good at hand.
But a Heart of Stone, a Heaven of Braſs:
When Majeſty is Wounded, Leſed,
The Publick, or whole is in Danger:
Death in the Pot, a Gangreen in the parts;
Clemency's loſt, Mercy thrown away,
Thy good Nature and Tenderneſs abuſed,
Thy Favour and Confidence betray'd.
Then be thou like thy Pattern above,
Firm, unmoveable, inexorable.
Vigour, Examples are neceſſary,

May

May he that gives all that is good,
Give his Handmaid ſuch a goodneſs,
And add to his Gift a Confidence in it;
An aſſurace to govern by it.
Why God is my goodneſs, 'tis his Spirit,
Underſtanding have all they that fear him.
Do I ſtifle it, or quench it my ſelf,
Or do I ſuffer others to elude it?
I, and my People muſt bear the Burden.
I'd better rather commit my way to him,
And if I innocently, honeſtly err,
I'm a Woman; and is it ſuch a venture
To fall with Innocence into Gods Hand?
I know his Mind and my own Heart.
But the Heart of Man, Fallible Man too,
Who can know? 'Tis dark and unſearchable,
Hidden paſt all finding out, and worſe
Paſt recovery, deſperately Wicked,
Falſe, deceitful above all things.
Now thus at a point, what Pleaſures like thine,
Think but with thy ſelf of thy great Work,
The Work given thee in charge to do,
Thy High and Heavenly Calling here,
Which thy Heart being fixt and ſure, enſures,
All that's to be, or can be hereafter.
Thou art finiſhing an unparalell'd Courſe,
Fulfilling a Glorious Miniſtry,
Executing, anſwering the purpoſe,
The Gracious ends, the merciful deſign,
Of a kind diſtinguiſhing Decree.

A Noble unheard of Vocation; (this
Purſue, make an end, have once done with
And for th' other Work, the Work behind,
The next greateſt and nobleſt of Works,
But the moſt difficult and deſperate too:
And when the Viſible Work of Heaven,
As it always is even then done
By the Sword, Famine, Peſtilence,
Deluges, Earthquakes, Vulcano's,
Egypts, Wilderneſſes, Phinia'ſſes,
Exciſions, wafts Diſperſions,
Deaths, Plagues, Miſeries of all kinds:
Think on ſuch Work, and mind who we are;
Hitherto God has never failed us.
Let us hope on, Truſt, and rejoyce in him;
But hope, pray, truſt and rejoyce with tremling
Reſign our Wills, ſubmit all to him,
He knows beſt ———
But his way's to put an end to a War,
And ſuch-like painful Prepararions:
He firſt rid Iſrael of all his Troubles,
Enemies abroad, and Factions at home.
During which

16 Lines Daſh'd out in the Original, and written on the Margin

Scripture. But not of the Day.

Reformation

Reformation, Government, order,
Exemplary rewards and Punishments,
Forms, Distinction, State, Decorum,
Weight, Number and measure throughout,
(As the World was made, how 'ere its
work (Govern'd.)
Wealth, Plenty, Good Humour and the Temple
With the People, for the only Favourites
Came all next to the Native Product,
The Beautiful Offspring of Union and Peace,
And held till new Favourites, (Idols) prevail'd.
But now to finish the Day, our present Joy,
My Soul know thy self, stir up thy self,
Know thy Prerogative, and be exalted;
Have an Eye to the Joy that's set before thee,
The mark and prize, the recompence of reward
Thy uncorruptible Crown, the Glory above,
The Joy that never never endeth,
Keep my Trust, my Charge, ever in thy
(Thoughts.
Set his Goodness always before my Eyes,
And his Will be done on Earth as in Heaven.
For me while I live, while I have a Being,
All the Days of my appointed Time,
Till my Change, the Change and Moment
(come,
With all my Strength, with all my Might,
I'll serve him, bless him, adore him,
I'll trust him, and Glory in him,
I'll Sing to the Honour of his Name,

I'll

ll Sing of his Mercies for ever.
he ends of the Earth,
he Corners of the North,
y Soul ſhall pr iſe him.
raiſe him, praiſe him
ll ye his Works.
y Soul ſhall praiſe him,
hall Bleſs him, Adore him,
nd truſt him, and Glory in him;
hall prevent the Watches of the Night,
revent the Dawning of the Day;
t all times Sing to the Honour of his Name,
ing of his tender Mercies for ever.

FINIS.

FINIS.